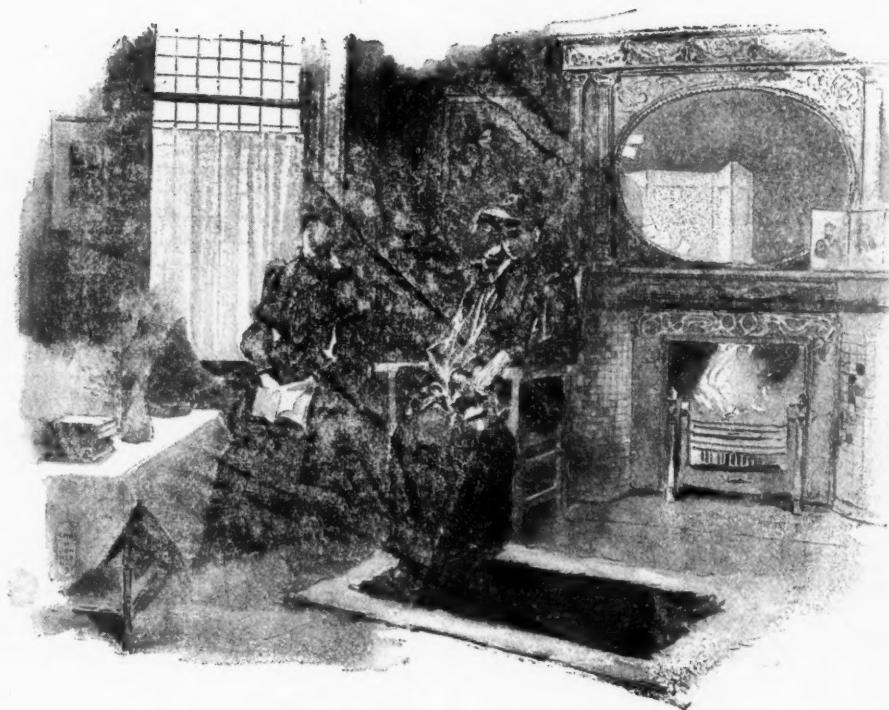
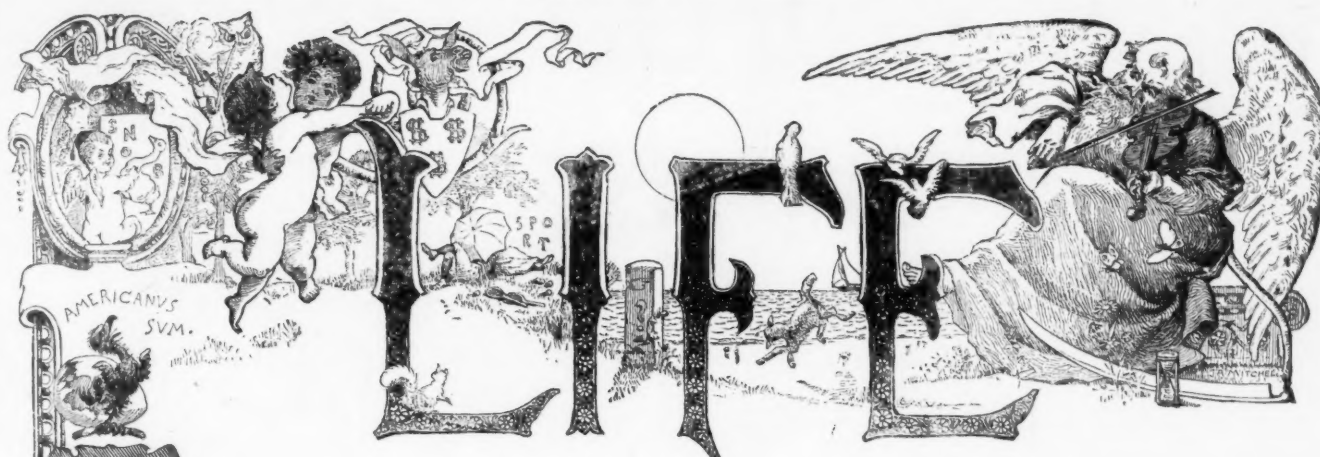


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THE AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON.

Clara (upon the announcement of her friend's engagement to the Duke of Deadbroke): DID HE FIRST TELL YOU THAT HE LOVED YOU, DEAR, AND THEN SPEAK ABOUT THE PASSIONATE YEARNING IN HIS HEART, AND ALL THAT?

Maud: WHY, NO.

Clara: DIDN'T HE SAY SOMETHING ABOUT LIFE'S STORMY OCEAN AND ABOUT HIS STRONG PROTECTING ARMS THAT WOULD ALWAYS SHIELD YOU, AND HOW, EVER SINCE HE FIRST BEHELD YOU, HE HAD BEEN HAUNTED BY YOUR PLEADING EYES, AND HIS LOVE HAD GONE OUT TO YOU IN A GREAT, PASSIONATE OUTBURST? DIDN'T HE SAY THAT LIFE WITHOUT YOU WOULD BE A DREARY WASTE?

Maud: NO; CERTAINLY NOT.

Clara (impatiently): THEN I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE FELLOW DID SAY.

Maud: HE DIDN'T SAY A WORD. I DID THE TALKING.



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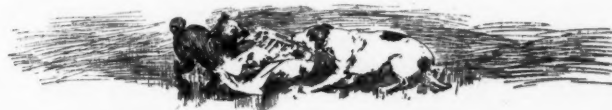
EVERY INCH A DUCHESS.

First Duke: WHY DON'T YOU TRAVEL *incognito*, AS I DO? IT'S FAR PLEASANTER.

Second Duke: YES, BUT MY WIFE ALWAYS GOES WITH ME, AND I MARRIED AN AMERICAN.

STUDIES IN PSYCHOLOGY.

ONE rainy morning in October I sat quietly reading my paper, when there suddenly came to me the realization that I was not alone. In the midst of my perusal of the stock market quotations, I experienced the peculiar and indescribable psychic phenomena which indicate the presence of another living being. As I am somewhat near-sighted, it is my custom to hold the paper rather close to my face when reading; and yet, with it in this position on the morning in question, I was positive there was some one standing directly in front of me, and looking at me intently. In fact it seemed to me as though, through the four intervening thicknesses of



A BAD CASE OF GRIPPE ATTENDED BY LOSS OF LIFE.

my newspaper, a pair of eyes were burning into my very soul.

Suddenly I lowered my paper and looked up. Then, just as suddenly, I raised the paper again and went on reading. My worst fears were realized! The being who stood before me was a woman, and there was not an unoccupied seat in the whole car.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

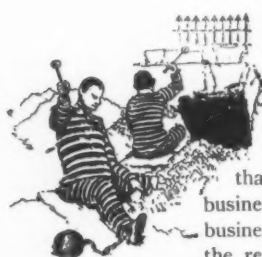
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SENATOR DAVID B. HILL is still a famous man, but he is no longer the most noted man in the State. As a pre-eminent wonder he lasted about the space that wonders usually do, and then gave turn to a successor.

The day before the meeting of the Senator's convention at Albany there happened on the New York Central Railroad so sudden an accumulation of red-hot publicity that it has since been a disputed question whether it is fitter to speak of Oliver Curtis Perry as the David Bennett Hill of railroad robbers or of Senator Hill as the Oliver Curtis Perry of practical politics. On the evening of February 21st, Mr. Hill, if exhibited in a Bowery museum, would have drawn a bigger crowd than any other "attraction" in the State of New York. On the evening of February 23d, under like conditions, Mr. Perry would have drawn a bigger crowd than Senator Hill. It may be mortifying to Mr. Hill to concede that it is so, but it ought not to be. It is that way always with Fame. She is a fickle jade, and always ready to be short off with the old love the instant there is a prospect of being on with a new.



IT is to such masterful qualities as these that Senator Hill owes his distinguished station. One only needs to compare his career with Perry's to discern that politics are far more worthy of an able man's attention than irregular participation in the express business. If Perry cared for the express business at all he ought to have gone at it in the regular way, like Thomas C. Platt, in which case, in time, he might incidentally have achieved the political distinction of a Senator Hill. Perry, like Hill, seems

to have been a temperate man, and though his morals were hardly as snug as Mr. Hill's, he enjoyed much greater religious advantages than the Senator has ever cared to cultivate. He was at least as quick as Mr. Hill, and doubled on his track at Lyons and Rochester quite as suddenly as Mr. Hill ever did between Elmira and Albany. Yet, with all these useful abilities, Perry sits loaded down with chains in the Lyons jail. He has hosts of admirers, crowds come to look at him, reporters hang upon his lips, and doting women send him things to eat, but he is not happy, because the chances are that he will spend the rest of his life in prison.

Look at him, young men! look hard at him and remember always that the greatest talents will do you no good unless you employ them in some work that is really worth while!



WHILE the several energies of Mr. Hill and Mr. Perry have found vent in widely different fields, it is recognized that there are traces of similarity about the qualities that have brought each of these notables to the front.

It happened that in his last enterprise Perry took more chances than he could cope with. It often happens that way with adventurous men. Nevertheless he showed remarkable qualities, unwavering determination, boldness, the ability to think quickly under perplexing circumstances, and to act as quick as thought. Details never deterred him. His vigorous mind, always clearly fixed on the ultimate object, met them and dealt with them with easy mastery as they came up. He realized that the way to do a thing is to do it, and the way not to do it is to stand still at every step and speculate how the next step would appear in the eyes of a grand jury. He believed in one thing at a time, and would not overburden his energies by trying to be express-robber and grand jurymen at the same time.

THERE is a difference of opinion as to the political wisdom of the call for a second New York State Democratic convention, to meet May 31st. There may be better ways of avoiding the candidacy of Hill than by the May convention; indeed it is likely that the business was effectually done by the Cooper Union meeting and the presentation of a protest at Albany.



THE New York Legislature is considering a bill giving \$70,000 a year to the Metropolitan Museum. The usual jackass has been found to bray against this proposition. Any measure which offers poor people a chance to get away from their tenements and saloons on Sunday, always finds an exponent of this genus.



KNIGHT-ERRANTRY.

IN a quaint corner where
Old houses front the square,
She stood in deep despair,
Holding her skirt.

Gazing with rueful eye,
At one small Oxford-tie,
Whose shoe-string, gone awry,
Dragged in the dirt.

Could she stoop, laced so tight?
Her gloves were new and light;
I saw her helpless plight,
And tied her shoe.

She thanked me, flushed with shame,
Tripped back the way she came;—
"Who was she: and her name?"
I never knew!
Harry Romaine.



MALE HELP WANTED.

PENELOPE: Nor I. And yet
it would be foolish for us to give
him up. He was lots of fun.

PAULINE (*sighing*): True.
How handsome he used to look
when he would look down into
my eyes and swear that I was
the only woman in the whole
wide world he ever loved.

PENELOPE: Yes, he was
handsome when he did that.

Pauline we must punish him.

PAULINE: But how can we?

PENELOPE (*with an air of confident superiority*): I'll
manage that. You don't suppose that I've managed mamma
and papa all my life for nothing, do you?

PAULINE: Well, how shall we do it?

PENELOPE: We will both continue to be engaged to him.

PAULINE: Very well.

PENELOPE: We will inform each other when he is expected to call. On days when he has an engagement to call on you I will send him a note asking him to call on me. He can't call on both and of course he will have to lie to the other. When a man lies to a girl he eases his conscience by sending her either flowers or candy. One of us will get the call the other will get the candy. When he has an engagement to call on me you will do the same thing. Pauline, I see visions of unlimited flowers and candy this winter. What do you think about it?

PAULINE: Pen, I think that you are the dearest, sweetest, most lovable girl in all New York.

PENELOPE: Yes, I think I am—but I do hope he gets a good salary.

NO form of error is more nauseating than that which
lauds itself as exclusive truth.

HE: My wife never got the better of me but once.

SHE: Lucky man—when was that?

HE (*sighing*): When she married me.

AN ALLIANCE IN LOVE.

PAULINE: So we are both engaged to him?

PENELOPE: Apparently. I know that I am.

PAULINE: And I know that I am. Why, our rings are just alike.

PENELOPE: He must buy them by the dozen.

PAULINE: Why, even the dates on them are the same.

PENELOPE: That's true. He proposed to me just before the german began.

PAULINE: And to me just after. What a wretch!

PENELOPE: It's too bad. He was the only man I was engaged to last summer that I cared to invite to call on our return to town.

PAULINE: He used to say terribly disagreeable things about you.

PENELOPE: They were nothing to the things he used to say about you. I hope, though, that this won't make us friends to any less degree.

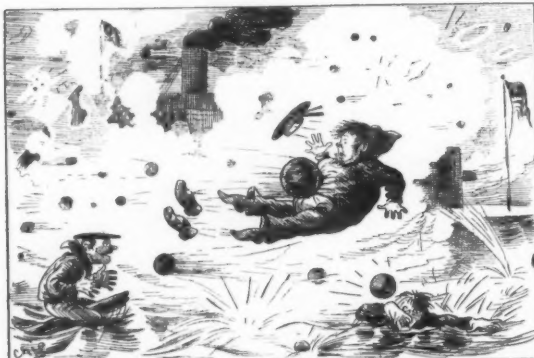
PAULINE: By no means. I wouldn't have him now if he were free.

BARDs often write, "Oh, onward flow,
Thou silver stream the meadows through."
Suppose they told it *not* to go—
What do you think that stream would do?

ANNIVERSARIES OF THE WEEK.



MARCH 4, 1882.
COL. BRINE AND MR. SIMMONS ATTEMPT TO CROSS THE ENGLISH
CHANNEL IN A BALLOON.



MARCH 9, 1862.
FIGHT BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.



MARCH 12, 1888.
GREAT BLIZZARD IN NEW YORK.



"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."

TO tell a new story in an old manner, to be idyllic while unfolding a tragedy, to make the reader sympathize with a crime, to write a tale of the present day which is absolutely unconscious of railroads, telegraphs and the worries of modern life—these are some of the anomalies in Thomas Hardy's entrancing novel, "*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*." (Harpers.)

You are caught in the meshes of the tale before you realize it, and are carried to a romantic region. The sweet breath of the country is in your nostrils, and the winds from the Wessex valleys cool your brow. While you read there is no woman in the world but *Tess*, and to you, as to *Clare* in the light of early morning, "she is no longer the milk-maid, but a visionary essence of woman—a whole sex condensed into one typical form."

There is a Greek largeness and simplicity about *Tess* which is very appealing. The nervous subtleties of the modern woman are unknown to her. When she is happy it is an exaltation in which her strong body bears her up to a level plain of joy and keeps her there. About it there is nothing hysterical. She has no imaginary sorrows; when they come, big, real, crushing, she puts her shoulders under them like a man, and struggles on—never stopping to whimper, or cry at fate. You realize that she is not indifferent, but is suffering keenly; that she thinks deeply as well as feels, and that she has an intellectual interest in the riddle of life.

YOU are never unconscious of the physical supremacy of *Tess*—the very womanly charm of her which accounts for so much that is both sad and happy in the story. "You are like an undulating billow warmed by the sun," said the infatuated *Clare* as he carried her, "and all this fluff of muslin about you is the froth." And that other picture of her, just waking from an afternoon sleep: "She was yawning, and he saw the red interior of her mouth as if it had been a snake's. She had stretched one arm so high above her coiled-up cable of hair, that he could see its delicacy above the sunburn; her face was flushed with sleep, and her eyelids hung heavy over their pupils. It was a moment when a woman is more incarnate than at any other time."

INDEED, in the first four books of this novel it is hard to find a flaw. They are written in the wonderfully melodious English of which Hardy has long been an acknowledged master; the pastoral atmosphere saturates them; landscape after landscape springs into view and dissolves with the shifting of the breeze; and above all, men and women live in this atmosphere and breathe the enchanted air. So far it is a beautiful romantic love story, touching the deepest passions but permitting them to work out their own salvation.

Then, in what seems to be sheer perversity, the cloud of melodrama settles over the book. At one bound you are transported from the bracing air of the Wessex meadows to the stuffy atmosphere of a modern theatre. You can almost hear the shifting of the scenery, the whistle of the stage machinist, and see the changing color of the lights. The whole business of the tragedy is theatrical and unreal; the murder, the last happy night when *Tess* slept on the altar of the Druids, and the final scene of the black flag rising over the prison are cleverly devised stage pictures which would make the fortune of a different type of novel, but are utterly incongruous here.

The culmination of it all is a needless bit of cruelty in which no American jury would have taken part, though technically the crime was murder in the first degree. The reader closes the book with the impression that he has been defrauded of his sympathies, and he half-believes that the Home Secretary pardoned *Tess* at the last minute.

Droch.



THE VANISHING LADY.

NEW BOOKS.

ST. NICHOLAS. Volume XVIII. New York: The Century Company.
The Flying Islands of the Night. By James Whitcomb Riley. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Company.

Roger Latimer's Mistake. By Katharine Donelson. Chicago: Laird and Lee.

A Strange Elopement. By W. Clark Russell. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

Mr. Isaacs. By Marion Crawford. New York and London: Macmillan and Company.

The Discourses of Epictetus. Translated by George Long. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Literature of France. By H. G. Keene, Hon. M. A. Oxon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Clytie and Other Poems. By Marguerite E. Easter. Boston: A. J. Philpott and Company.

Hard Life in the Colonies and Other Adventures. By C. Carlyou Jenkins. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: Macmillan and Company.

The Pocket Piece. By Edgar Mayhew Bacon. New York: Walbridge and Company.

OBJECTIONS REMOVED.

JAKE: So your father has consented to our union? I thought he wouldn't allow you to marry a lawyer?

CORA: Oh, but that's all right, so far as you are concerned, he says. He heard you trying to conduct a case in court to-day.

CAUSE OF SADNESS.

"DORA must have suffered some terrible disappointment. One never sees her smile now. What is the matter?"

"Two front teeth pulled."

UNQUESTIONABLY TRUE.

NEIGHBOR: Well, Patrick, I'm glad your master is dead. He was an old skin-flint, anyway.

PATRICK (*indignantly*): Faith, and Oi bet if he wor alive you'd not be after sayin' you wor glad he wor dead.



UNAPPRECIATED.

LIFE'S FAIRY TALES.



THE DROWSY VILLAGE.

JON was a young man of surpassing beauty who went into the world to seek his fortune. The third day of his journey brought him to the Village of Brotherly Love, an enormous settlement covering many square miles, where he met an acquaintance; and he tarried in that colony. It soon came to pass that he was invited to a large party in a patrician mansion. He forthwith attired himself in broadcloth and fine linen and danced with the maidens and properly disported himself. But while so doing he noticed a plain and somewhat elderly maiden sitting disconsolately against the wall, receiving no attention either from the hostess or the guests. He spoke of this to the son of the house, who answered:

"O she's of no special importance."

"But she is a guest," replied Jon, "and having invited her to your house you can not snub her!"

"O yes we can!" answered the young man. "We can do more than that in the City of Brotherly Love!" and he hurried away for a partner.

Jon requested the hostess, who seemed amazed at his folly, to present him to the solitary damsel. He then danced with her, and, after bringing rich patties with salad

and other indigestible devices that are never eaten at home, he engaged her in pleasant converse.

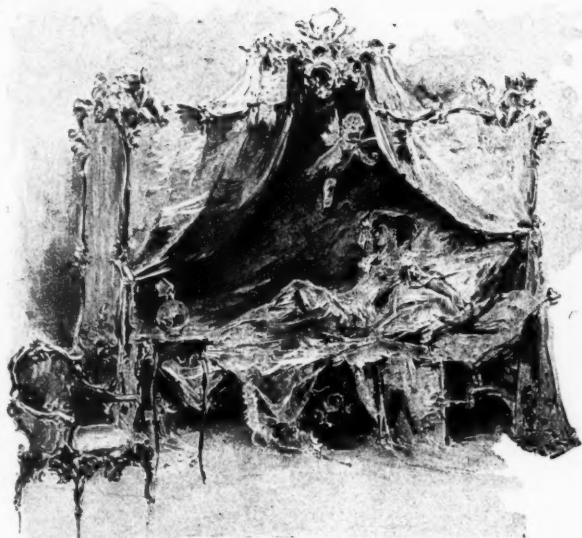
She seemed grateful for these attentions, and when Jon finally bade her good-night, she handed him a poppy, saying:

"Please accept this flower; it possesses some unusual qualities, among others that of putting people to sleep, by simply waving it in their direction. To wake them you must kiss the sleeper. Good-night," and away she went leaving Jon standing alone with the flower. Down among the petals there seemed to be an enormous dew drop, but when he shook it off it fell on the marble pavement like a hard substance and bounced up again retaining its shape. Upon picking it up, he found he had between his fingers a diamond of exceeding beauty! Moreover, in its place within the poppy another had appeared, also of great price and astounding brilliancy. And when that in turn was shaken off, yet another took its place.

Jon hurried home and in feverish haste experimented with this desirable flower. The first ten minutes resulted in a pint of diamonds. He danced for joy.



"PLEASE ACCEPT THIS FLOWER."



THE WICKED WIZARD'S SPELL.

"I am rich!" he cried, "rich without limit!" The next morning he distributed the stones among his various pockets and betook him to a jeweller.

"How much is this worth?" he asked giving one of them for inspection. The jeweller, after consulting with his partner, said:

"We will give you two hundred dollars for it."

When Jon readily accepted this price for a five thousand dollar stone the jewellers became suspicious, but they paid him the money and he went away. His reappearance, a few days after with other stones yet more precious, and for which he considered any sum a fair price, confirmed the jewellers in their worst surmises, and Jon was marched before a judge. Several pockets crammed with priceless jewels did not allay suspicion, and he soon found himself in jail.

They had allowed him to keep the poppy, as no one examined it, and no one consequently suspected its value.

On the second day of his imprisonment he remembered the other qualities of the poppy and straightway tried an experiment.

When the jailer came with his noonday meal, he waived the magic flower toward him, and to his delight the burly warden closed his eyes and sank gently to the stone floor of the cell in a peaceful sleep.

Jon lost no time in reaching the court yard of the jail, but an officer had already seen him and given the alarm. As several jailers rushed toward him he again waived the poppy, this time in every direction, and lo! the various guardians forgot their haste and fell napping to the earth. Seeing how

beautifully it worked, and noticing the custodians about the gate were becoming alarmed, he held the poppy high in his hand and turning completely around, he cried:

"Whole city go to sleep!" And the whole city obeyed.

Then he stepped leisurely out into the street where all was quiet and reposeful. Not a being was awake. A policeman stood leaning against a wall, but he was dozing calmly. The driver and conductor of a passing street car, and all the passengers within, were sound asleep, while the horses, from force of habit, moved gently as they slumbered.

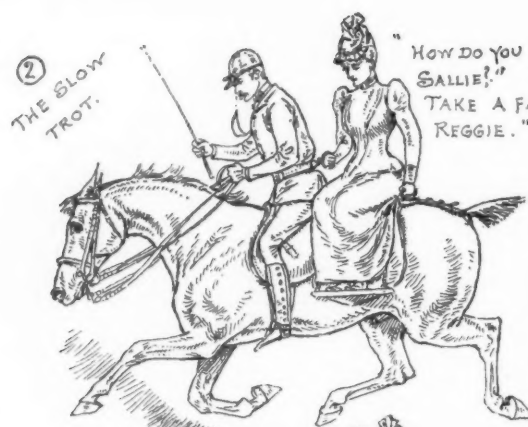
Jon's first thought was to quit the city in the shortest time, and he sped rapidly along. Turning a corner he almost ran into a stylish equipage, the footmen, with closed eyelids, upon the box, the horses lying flat upon the pavement. He started, as he recognized the lady in the carriage, for there, dreaming peacefully in the noonday sun, reclined the spinster who had given him the poppy. For the mere pleasure of kissing, he would have preferred a younger maiden, but Jon knew his duty. Standing on the step of the carriage he reached over and planted a kiss upon her cheek. She awoke, and to his surprise, her mature face grew younger and more beautiful as he gazed upon it. In amazement, he looked enraptured upon this transformation, for she was now a fresh and blooming damsel of scarcely twenty summers. Blushing, as her eyes met his, she explained that a malicious wizard, disguised as a cupid, had entered her chamber one evening just as she was going to a party, and because she had refused to marry his son, changed her into a withered spinster, so to remain until some young man should voluntarily kiss her.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add—this being a fairy tale—that they at once fell deeply in love with each other. Jon kissed the horses, and, although it came hard, he also kissed the driver and footman. Then he and his charming bride were driven rapidly from the drowsy city and lived happily together ever afterward, revelling in the endless riches derived from the unfailing poppy.

The City of Brotherly Love is dozing still.

J. A. Mitchell.





② THE SLOW TROT.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, SALLIE?" "IT'S SPLENDID, TAKE A FAST TROT, REGGIE."



③

THE FAST TROT.

"FOR MERCY'S SAKE, REGINALD,....STOP!... PLEASE STOP... IT'S BUMPING THE LIFE.... OUT... OF ME!"



A RATHER SHORT STOP.

⑥



⑧

FIXING THE GIRTH.



①

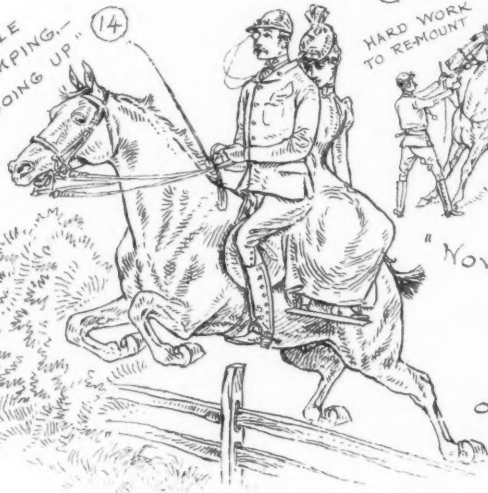
"WHOA!"

⑫ "OH MY! YOU NEEDN'T HAVE STOPPED HIM IN THAT ABSURD MANNER."

A "SHY" WHILST AT GALLOP.
"GRACIOUS! I'M FALLING OFF!"



A LITTLE JUMPING--
"GOING UP!"



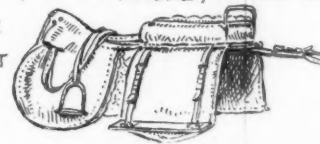
⑭

⑨ HARD WORK TO REMOUNT

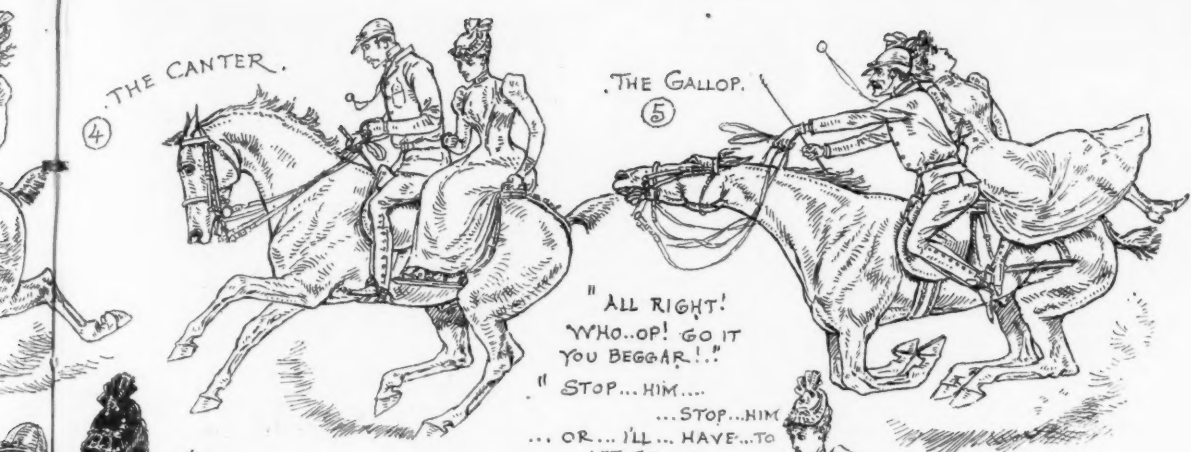


"NOW THEN, SALLIE, ARE YOU GOT HOLD OF MY BELT AND
"YES, GO AHEAD, I'M ALL RI

THE OUTFIT



AN ATTEMPT TO REVIVE



THE CANTER.

THE GALLOP.

"ALL RIGHT!
WHO..OP! GO IT
YOU BEGGAR!.."
"STOP... HIM...
...STOP... HIM
... OR... I'LL... HAVE... TO
LET GO..."

"AH! THIS IS QUITE TOO LOVELY
FOR ANYTHING... I WONDER
HOW THE GALLOP WOULD FEEL?...
TRY IT, REG, LET HIM GO AS FAST
AS HE CAN."



OFF AGAIN.



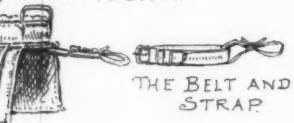
A QUIET DOG TROT
FOR A CHANGE.

A LITTLE URGING

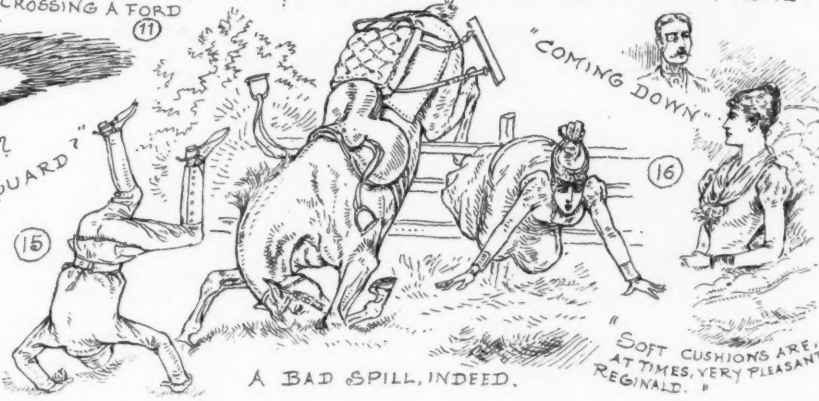
"DO WISH THAT WHEN YOU GO OUT WITH
ME YOU WOULD LEAVE THOSE SPURS AT HOME."

CROSSING A FORD

GRAY-PARKER?
ARE YOU QUITE READY?
BELT AND OF THE IRON GUARD?
I'M ALL RIGHT."



THE BELT AND
STRAP



A BAD SPILL, INDEED.



"SOFT CUSHIONS ARE,
AT TIMES, VERY PLEASANT,
REGINALD."

TO REVIVE THE PILLION.

A PERPLEXING QUESTION.

OF that rich draught which
Egypt's queen
Quaffed smilingly we often hear,
Yet there's a doubt within my mind
Which nothing that is writ makes
clear.

Perhaps one gleam of prudence
lurked
'Neath mad excess in pleasure's
whirl—
'Twas homage to a Roman lover,
Was it a Roman pearl?

Bessie Alice Hanscom.

PLAYWRITING.

A great many people wish to write a successful play. There is no reason in the world why they should not, and yet for a prize recently offered by a morning paper, over a thousand plays were submitted in competition, and of course but one could be successful.

Merely observe the following simple directions and you will be a great playwright before any of us can get an introduction to a variety actor or actress:

1st. Draw sufficient money out of the bank and proceed to Europe. After you have overcome the



He: NO WOMAN KNOWS WHAT REAL HAPPINESS IS UNTIL SHE IS MARRIED.

She: YES, WHEN SHE FINDS SHE HAS JUST LOST IT FOREVER.

effects of the voyage and have become accustomed to the foreign slang, glance hurriedly over the latest successful plays in London, Berlin and Paris. Purchase two or three of the best and have a good time. Cable to the New York papers a few unimportant despatches about yourself and the state of your health when you saw it last.

2nd. Return to New York and hire a couple of newspaper men who are temporarily out of a job to rewrite the play for you, mixing up the scenes, incidents and acts as much as possible, and putting in as many jokes from LIFE as you can remember, read or buy.

3rd. Hire a variety actor to write in some variety lines. (The newspaper men will correct his grammar and spelling as he goes along).

4th. Get a good stage carpenter (not morally good, necessarily, just good) to work in a mechanical effect or defect, as you may choose to call it.

5th. Get acquainted with a soubrette and find out what her best song and dance is. Work that in. Get well acquainted with her if she is not too shy.

6th. Put your name to the play as its author.

7th. Go to any manager in New York and he will fall on your neck with unaffected joy. Your fame and fortune are now made, but—

8th. Don't forget to have the newspaper men write out your speech for the opening night and give them a seat apiece in the back of the gallery. It may seem like money thrown away, but they know where the applause should come in and they may be able to start it.

Tom Hall.

DOLLY: Oh, mamma, I met a little girl to-day who had never heard of a cow.

DOLLY'S MOTHER: That was strange, wasn't it? Who was the little girl, Dolly?

DOLLY: She said her father was a milkman.

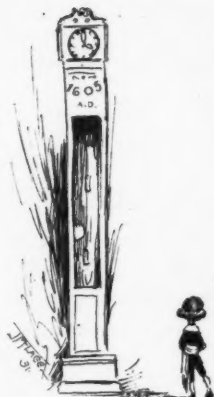
THE MINISTER'S STUDY—How to make both ends meet.



"SAY, MAMMA, YOU KNOW YOU SAID YOU'D BUY ME A LITTLE SISTER WHEN THEY GOT CHEAP."

"DID I, DEAR; WELL?"

"WELL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET ONE FOR HALF PRICE."



"A HIGH OLD TIME."

POPULAR SCIENCE.

HE (of Boston): Professor Ski-high is going to lecture on sun spots to-morrow.

SHE (of Chicago): Well, if I thought he could tell of a real, sure enough cure for them, I'd go to hear him. I freckle so easily.

NEEDN'T TAKE HIS OWN MEDICINE.

FIRST CITIZEN: What do you think is the chief advantage that Jay Gould derives from his wealth?

SECOND CITIZEN: It exempts him from the necessity of riding on his own elevated road.

WHY NOT ON ONE AS WELL AS THE OTHER?



An ingenious device invented by a horse for adding to the comfort and beauty of man while exercising.



AN EXPONENT OF THE EFFETE EAST.

First New York Crook: I suppose you found things lively in Oklahoma City.

Second N. Y. C.: O yes, while I was trying to bunco a hayseed he picked my pocket, and before I could complain to the police I was sand-bagged by the bishop of the diocese.



EX-COLLECTOR "TOM" MURPHY, once a familiar figure in Washington, is here for his first visit to the capital in eight years. Talking to a reporter, he grew reminiscent and said:

"My first visit to Washington was when Seward was Senator from New York, and that was about the time he made his 'higher law' speech that attracted the attention of the whole country. While a young man I was very intimate with Seward and his family. I lived in Albany when he was Governor, away back in the '30s." My first visit to the Senate was for the purpose of hearing him speak. He made a great speech. He was replied to, as I felt, in the most bitter and insulting language by Senator Foote of Mississippi, and the language that he used was so offensive, in my judgment, that I could hardly restrain myself from jumping from the gallery and choking him. I dined at Senator Seward's house that evening, and to my utter amazement the gentleman sitting next to me was Senator Foote. When the ladies retired from the table I left my seat and went around to Seward and said:

"Senator, I heard that man sitting next to me at your table abuse

you in such a gross manner that I was indignant. I can't understand it."

"Senator Seward laughed heartily, and called out:

"Foote, I want this young man to go around and tell you what he has just told me."

"Senator Foote also laughed heartily and said to me:

"Young man, I want to give you a lesson in politics. Seward lives in New York, and when he makes a speech in opposition to slavery and I reply to him and denounce him that helps me at home, and Seward tells me it doesn't hurt him a bit"—*New York Sun*.

YOUNG WIFE: Can you cook, Minna?

NEW SERVANT: Oh! yes'm, if you won't help!—*Methuselah's Diary*.

"An excellent method," says the *Pharmaceutical Era*, "and one insisted upon in some States, is for the druggist to attach to every bottle and package of poison sold a label, on which are printed directions as to the antidote which should be employed in case the poison is taken by human beings accidentally." This is perhaps an even better plan than that said to have been adopted in a newly-opened Western drug store of giving a dog with each prescription filled.

FIRST DRUGGIST: Well, how are you this morning?

SECOND DRUGGIST: Broke.

FIRST DRUGGIST: Then why don't you use some of that liquid glue, which you claim will mend everything?—*Pharmaceutical Era*.

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Chafing, Dandruff,
Odors from Perspiration.
Speedy Relief by Using

**Packer's
Tar Soap.**

"It Soothes while it Cleanses."
Medical and Surg. Reporter, Phila.

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AND
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